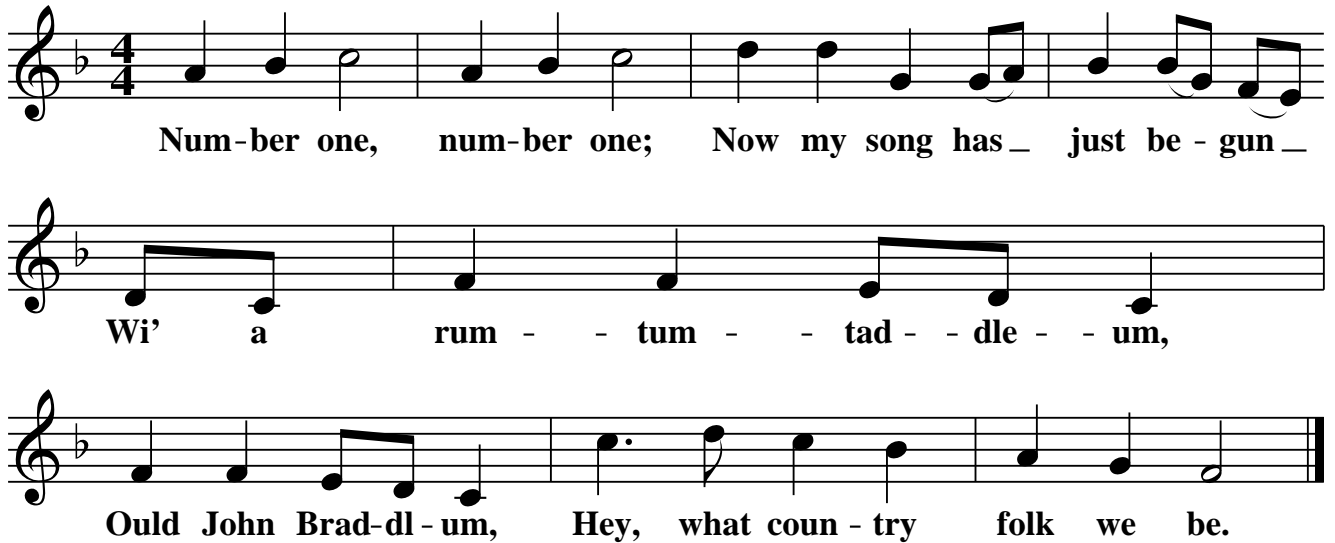


# Ould John Braddlum



Num-ber one, num-ber one; Now my song has \_ just be - gun \_  
Wi' a rum - - tum - - tad - - dle - - um,  
Ould John Brad-dl - um, Hey, what coun - try folk we be.

Number one, number one;  
Now my song has just begun:  
Wi' a rum-tum-tad-dle-um, Ould John Braddlum,  
Hey, what country folk we be.

Number two, number two,  
Some boots pinch, so gie I a shoe.

Number threee, number threee,  
Some likes coffee and some likes tea.

Number four, number four,  
Some says nowt but thinks the mowre.

Number foive, number foive,  
Old folks die when the can't stop alive.

Number six, number six,  
Some use crutches when they can't use sticks.

Number seven, number seven,  
Much about t'same as number eleven.

Number eight, number eight,  
Some loikes a door but I likes a gate.

Number nine, number nine,  
Some drinks beer 'cos they can't get wine.

Number ten, number ten,  
There bean't no women where there bean't no men.

Number eleven, number eleven,  
Much about t'same as number seven.

Number twelve, number twelve,  
If you wants any mowre you can sing it yerselves.